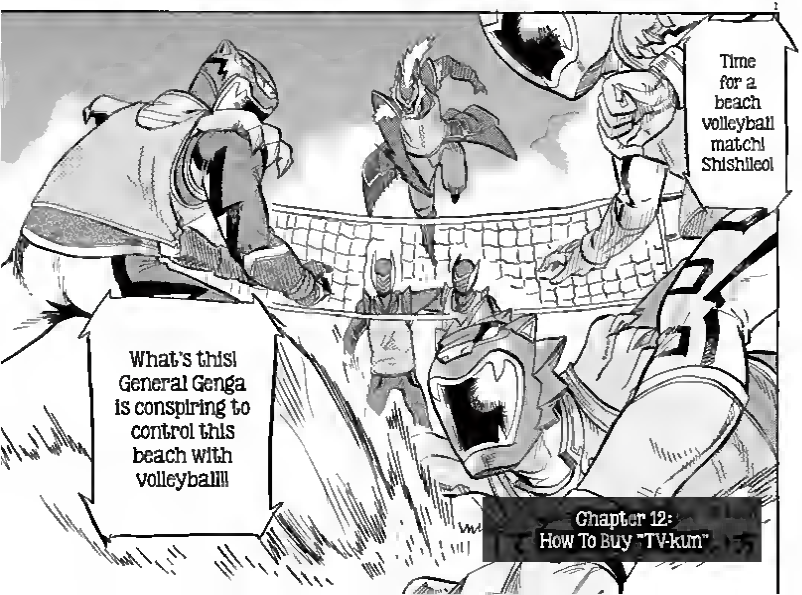
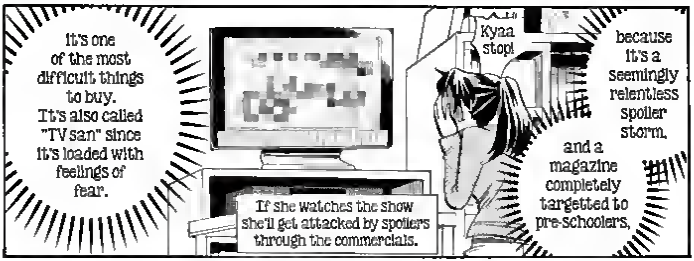

Time for a beach volleyball match! Shishiieo!
What's this! General Genga is conspiring to control this beach with volleyball!!

Chapter 12:
How To Buy "TV-kun"

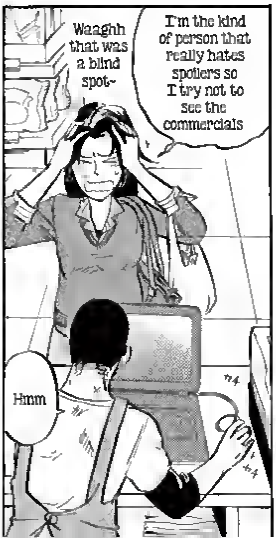
Chapter 12:
第12話
てれびくんの買い方
How
To
Buy
"TV-kun"

おかしの
まつもと
Wh-
What's this?
The limit for chaos...
uhh... what's this...
Something you should already pretty much know.
Complete service for "TV kun".
It seems to be a DVD which you can get your hands on if you sent the application card that came with this month's issue.
3
Didn't you see the commercial?
What is "TV kun"?
A children's magazine that gives the fastest information to kids
about kid shows and toys.

Still photos have a lot of certain poses
And it's really popular among otaku,
but
It's also famous as a document gravure magazine loaded with still photos*
*Photos are not taken during production

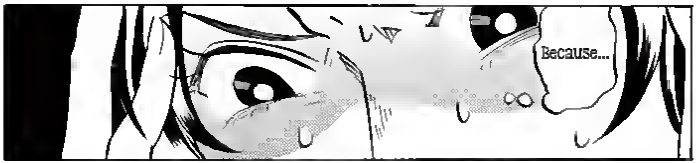

It's one of the most difficult things to buy.
It's also called "TV san" since it's loaded with feelings of fear.
If she watches the show she'll get attacked by spoilers through the commercials.
Kyaa stop!
because it's a seemingly relentless spoiler storm.
and a magazine completely targetted to pre-schoolers.

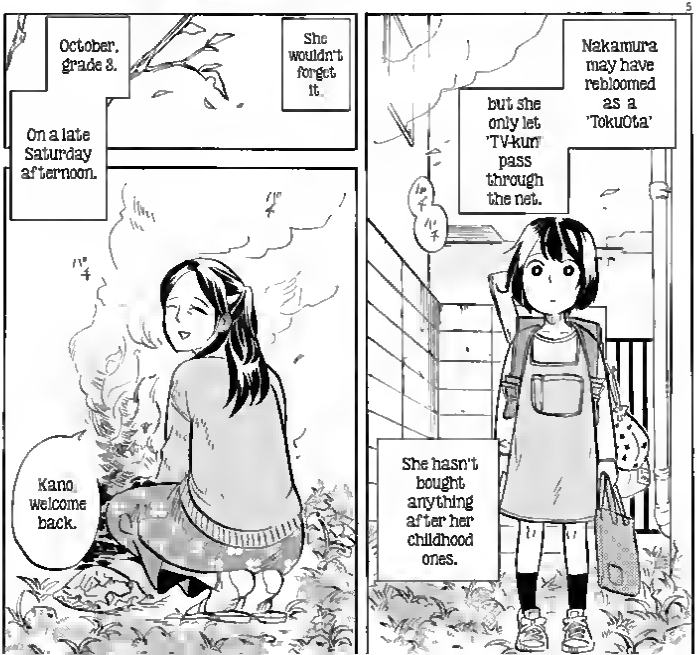
Yeah, it's outta stock online.

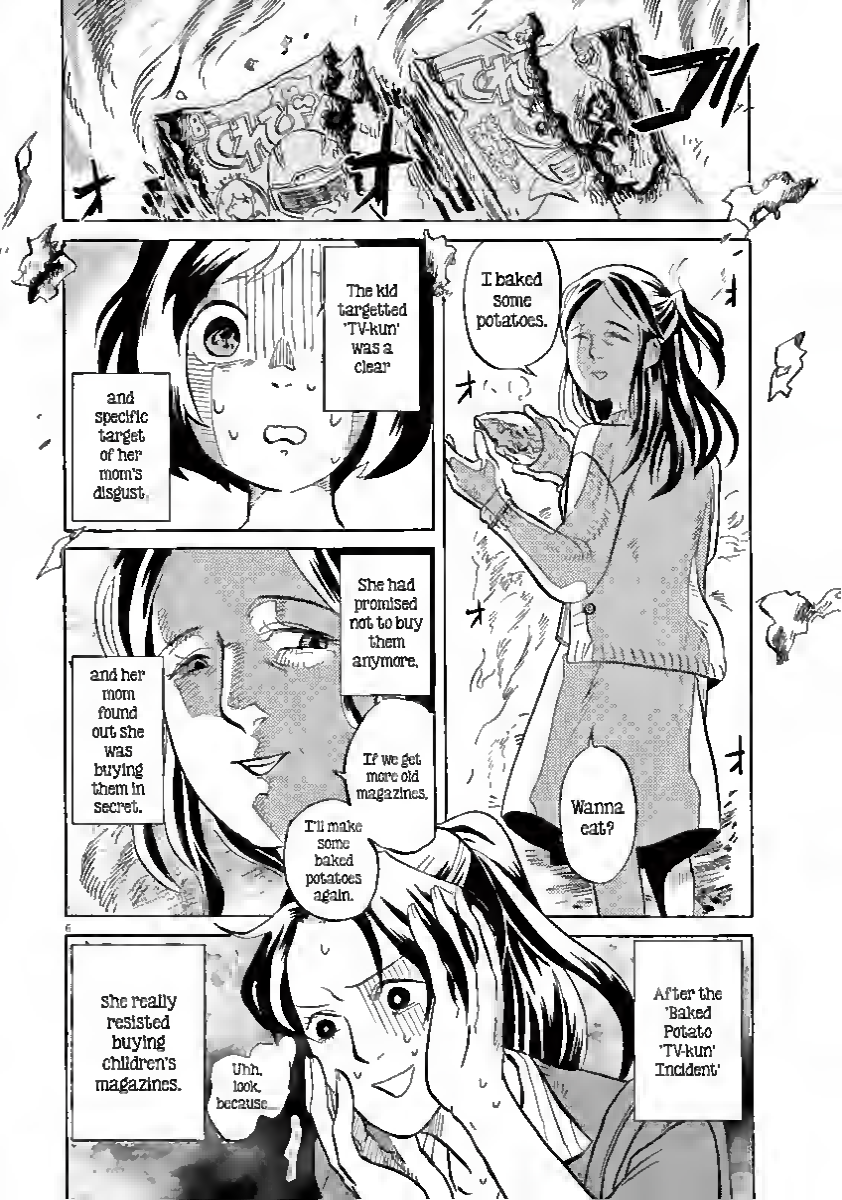

Waaghh that was a blind spot-
I'm the kind of person that really hates spoilers so I try not to see the commercials
Hmm

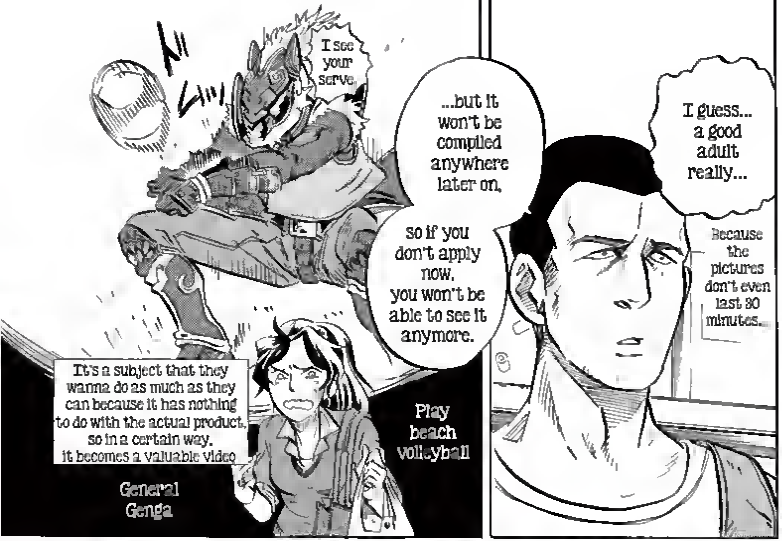
OHHHH HELL NO!
Aren't there still some in book stores?

I'll be just like a prisoner getting pierced by people's stares.
Th that's a bit...
A 26 year old woman's gonna expose her shame in buying a kid's magazine in a bookstore. This is far from a small toy.

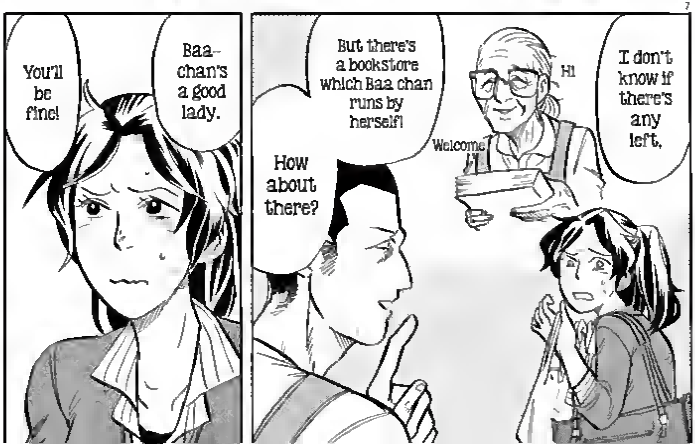

Because...


October, grade 3.
She wouldn't forget it.
On a late Saturday afternoon.
Kano, welcome back.
Nakamura may have rebloomed as a 'TokuOta'
but she only let 'TV-kun' pass through the net.
She hasn't bought anything after her childhood ones.

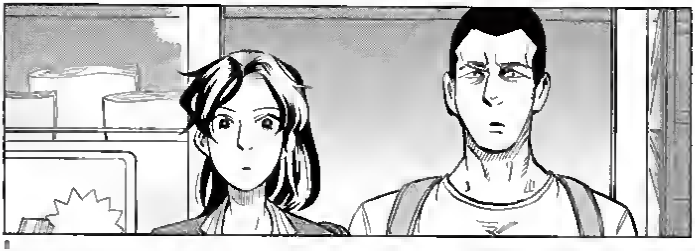

The kid targetted 'TV-kun' was a clear
and specific target of her mom's disgust.
I baked some potatoes.
Wanna eat?
She had promised not to buy them anymore,
and her mom found out she was buying them in secret.
If we get more old magazines,
I'll make some baked potatoes again.
After the 'Baked Potato 'TV-kun' Incident'
she really resisted buying children's magazines.
Uhh, look, because...
6


I see your serve.
...but it won't be compiled anywhere later on,
so if you don't apply now, you won't be able to see it anymore.
I guess... a good adult really...
Because the pictures don't even last 30 minutes.
It's a subject that they wanna do as much as they can because it has nothing to do with the actual product, so in a certain way, it becomes a valuable video
General Genga
Play beach volleyball

Ah
That's right.
Ahhhh
But...
but...


You'll be fine!
Baa-chan's a good lady.
But there's a bookstore which Baa chan runs by herself!
How about there?
Hi
Welcome
I don't know if there's any left.

本
橋木書店



Someone seriously scary's in there...
You of all people is saying that?
When did you last come here?
Ahh... 2.. no.. 3 years ago..?
Hey... what's the meaning of this, Yakuza-san?
Is he an employee?
Stop calling me Yakuza...
This is weird. I haven't seen an employee here before...
Sorry. Uhh, could you stop sitting around there?
S-sorry
No way!!

I'll be back
Thank God she's alive!
Sorry Obaa-chan...
She took her grand-children on a trip.
Uhh, sorry to ask something out of nowhere,
but there's an old lady always taking care of the store.
Ahh...
There's the magazine itself...
but...
There's only a few copies left...
What do you need?
She might come back in a few days.
No...
A few days...
There's not much hope for a new shipment, and I dunno if there'll be some a few days later...
No... now... I have to buy it now or...
Okay...

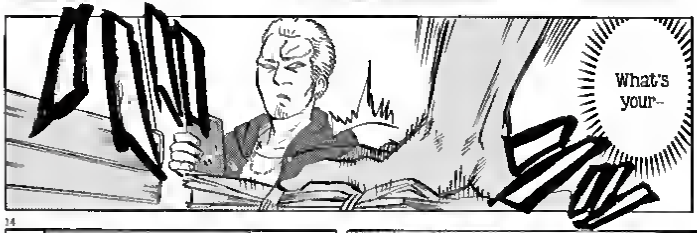
But I can't. The guy looks so stern...
I super prioritize a "don't go to the register" mentality.
Let's go home!
I give up.
Huh!?
And there's a lot of other customers too.
So...
At best... It'll be embarrassing to even be so desperate for a child's magazine.
So I have to be discrete or...
I understand...

It's to repay you for the charm you gave me, anego.
I just paid my respects completely.
No need! Stop it!
Don't call me anego!
Then
I'll buy it.
I-
I was also embarrassed about getting the charm,
so I really understand how you feel...

No matter how much you buy, how embarrassed you are, how uncool you are,
none of that matters.
But getting embarrassed and looking uncool is up to you.

I... I'm sorry mom.
I was
I thought I was already gonna give in.
also hungry.
For a good adult, this is....
at best a child's magazine.
13
I was
saying the same things as my mom.
What are you gonna do with all these useless magazines you've been collecting for forever?
Stop minding the small stuff and
Stop wasting your money on pathetic stuff
When I was giving in
I'm the son of a store owner.
It may be cheap,
but you can't call the goods you sell 'something like this'.
They're the same thing.
<3,
But, Yakuza-san....

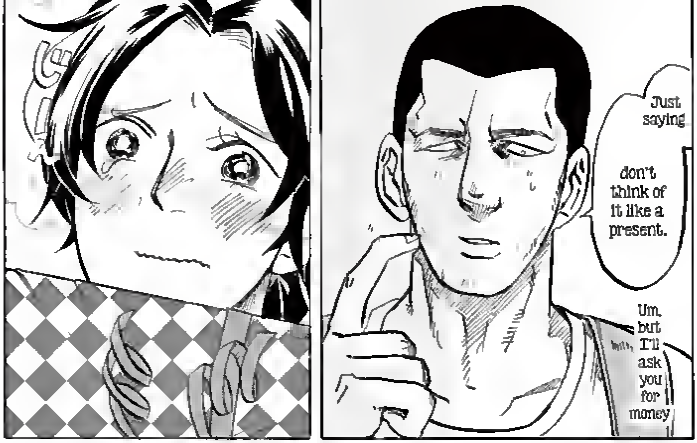
But does it not change the fact
that buying it is embarrassing...?

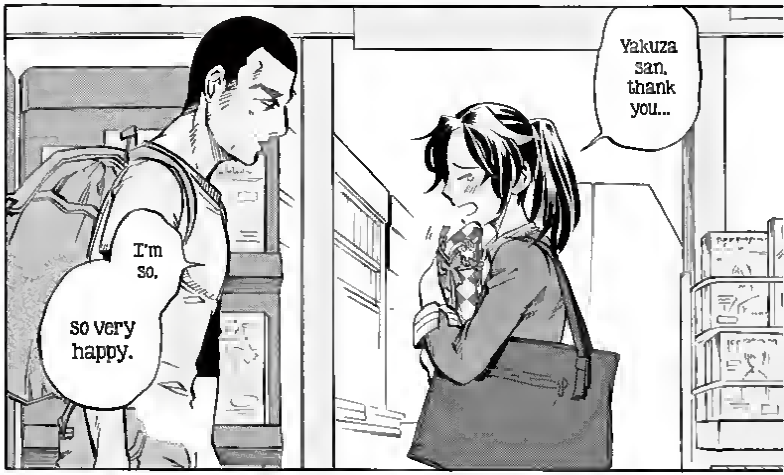

What's your-

Could you wrap it for me?

This.

Th-that's...
the non-existent newphew plan!!
But there's a great amount of futility in opening it yourself.
So it's a plan where you take a great amount of damage...
The "non-existent nephew plan" is basically saying "I'm buying this for my relative's kid."
You want a ribbon?
This one
It's a plan where you create the image of giving a present to a fictional relative and then get through the situation.
It's hard to draw their conversation, but this is a rough sketch.


Just saying
don't think of it like a present.
Um, but I'll ask you for money


Yakuza san, thank you...
I'm so, so very happy.

When I think it's for someone, it isn't really embarrassing anymore.
It just feels like a job.
Ahh...

The violent legend of Yakuza Terebi-kun.
Yakuza-san...
Good work on fulfilling your duty...
Okaay
まつもと
Put the postcard in and wait!
After we buy it you do this.
you aren't bad, 'Terebi-kun'...
Sorry 'Terebi-kun'.

① Address
② Family Name
③ Kid's Name/Age
Phone Number
Will you write it?
There's a guy at the post office over there.
Thanks
Uhh...
I wanted to write my non-existent nephew's name.
'Terebi-kun' is really evil...
It happens
Dammit
I left it blank.